

True Romance by homicidalbrunette

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Summary:

And there she was, finally. Eleven.

Twelve noticed that her hair was slightly different, pulled back and up and held in place with a blue clip. It looked like she had some make-up on, too.

“Babe, you look...hot.”

Eleven was never the shrinking violet. “I know,” she smirked. She put a hand up, touching the blue clip in her hair, “I found this and some make-up in that fatass cop’s cabin. I think it was his daughter’s or something.”

All around them, people continued to scream and die. Someone ran past them, on fire. Twelve smiled. Sixteen and his blowtorch. It made him feel so....romantic.

Or, Upside Down versions of Mike and El go to the Upside Down

Snow Ball.

True Romance

Author's Note:

This fic is set in an Upside Down AU where the MKUltra project took over the U.S. government, creating many lab subjects with powers, along with many monsters. At one point, MKUltra lost control of the monsters, which created an apocalyptic event, thus creating the dystopian environment we see in the current Upside Down. The Upside Down Party live in this apocalyptic world as former lab subjects with powers. This fic is set a few years before the events of my other Upside Down AU fic, "In a Mirror, Darkly."

The Upside Down Party:

Eleven - Upside Down El. She has the same powers as El (telekinesis), but is more powerful than El, because she's had more practice and training. Every dark impulse El has, Eleven acts on.

Twelve - Upside Down Mike. Normal Mike is unathletic, tends to be neurotic and worry a lot, and can come off as awkward and uncool. Twelve has super strength, never gets nervous, and is in general extremely charismatic.

Thirteen - Upside Down Will. Normal Will has been fairly traumatized by the events depicted in the show. He is also portrayed as the kindest and sweetest of the group, if not the most timid. Thirteen is the most fearless and the most ruthless of the lab kids. He is a borderline sociopath and thrives on fear and domination of others. He is the Party's leader, and they both admire and fear him. He has the ability to control minds (kind of like the Mindflyer did).

Fourteen - Upside Down Lucas. Normal Lucas can be a bit of a hot-head and has been shown to butt heads on occasion with other Party members. Fourteen is the peacekeeper of the group. He rarely lets emotion get the best of him, to the point of being unfeeling and uncaring. He has the ability to heal himself and others.

Fifteen – Upside Down Max. She has a powerful psychic connection with each member of the Party. She is able to sense where they are, see through their eyes, track their locations, and know whatever information they do. She has a similar psychic connection to the Party's Real World counterparts.

Sixteen – Upside Down Dustin. He has the ability to create and manipulate supersonic sound waves to attack and disorient.

Based on a fan theory on my tumblr @zerodoubleone
<https://zerodoubleone.tumblr.com/post/176501361999/the-upside-down-party-picspam-we-all-know-the>

“She said she’d be here tonight.”

“Hey, there’s still time for her to show up,” Sixteen placed a sympathetic hand on his shoulder. “Half of these guys aren’t even dead yet.”

Twelve spared a quick look around the area again. Sixteen was right. In fact, Twelve saw that the vast majority of the people in the place were still alive. There weren’t too many bodies on the floor that he could see; mostly it was still people running, screaming, things on fire. He yawned. He honestly thought they’d put up more of a fight, but now it was too easy, and there was little left to distract him from Eleven’s absence.

It wasn’t like Thirteen was too happy about her being gone, either. He had wanted every one of them here for this.

Fourteen had scouted the encampment about five weeks ago. It didn't take too long after that for Thirteen to make his way inside, passing as a hungry and lost boy whose parents had recently become demodog food. He didn't even need to use mind control or anything; he just flashed those big green eyes of his and they'd taken Thirteen in like one of their own. Idiots.

Thirteen spent weeks on the inside with them, enjoying their food, their fire, their shelter, while the rest of the Party remained on the outside, foraging for whatever they could find while the weather grew increasingly cold and it started to snow ice, ash, and spores, signaling the start of winter. Finally, after four miserable weeks, Fifteen indicated that she'd heard from Thirteen.

"He says these humans are planning some sort of special gathering. A celebration. He wants to do it then." Apparently, it was to celebrate something called *Christmas*, a pre-outbreak human holiday about some fat geezer in a red suit. Not that any of them would know; they hadn't gotten any holidays in the lab.

Thirteen had learned that they were going to throw something called a *Snow Ball* – their dumbass name for their dumbass Christmas party, where there would be lots of food, and where all of the humans would gather at once, leaving their ample food supplies and weaponry unguarded. Thirteen said they would all likely be drunk, too, and easy to kill. Yeah, it was a good strategy to attack during the Snow Ball, but Twelve couldn't help but roll his eyes when he heard the news. Thirteen was dramatic as fuck, and Twelve knew he couldn't pass up an opportunity for mass slaughter during a happy celebration – it'd be peak drama.

Of course, Eleven had run out of patience way before then. By the third week of camping out in the snow, waiting on Thirteen for the greenlight while he was cozied up with some moron human family, she'd announced she was bored, and was going to spend some time tracking down one of the many people on her Kill List, which was a list of names of whomever happened to piss her off at any given time. It was pretty long, but she'd managed to kill a good number on the list already, God love her.

"Remember that fatass cop that shot at me during the Outbreak? I

went into the Void, and he's just living by himself in some piece of shit cabin not far from here."

"You kidding me?" Twelve was surprised, "You can't just up and leave – Thirteen's gonna flip his shit."

"Don't worry," she had said. "I'll be back in time for Thirteen's dumbass Snow Ball thing. Promise."

Promise. That was their special word, one of the first words they'd ever exchanged. It had been the day the lab had burned down, and they'd run into each other for the first time, both recognizing the other as a victim of Brenner's. "We're gonna kill him," he'd said to her. "Promise."

And now here he was, at the Snow Ball, a good hour into the ambush, and Eleven was still nowhere in sight.

Twelve sighed, not feeling particularly reassured by Sixteen's words, "It's just you know, I was really looking forward to – hang on a sec, let me just kill this guy." A human had had the audacity to swing a knife at Twelve mid-conversation, but Twelve just swatted it away and broke the guy's face over a glass table.

"It's just," he continued, as the guy dropped to the ground, bleeding out and twitching, "I was really looking forward to doing this with her *together*, you know? It's been so long since we all did something like this, killing a bunch of people and stuff. She would've *loved* this."

"Hey man, you know what would get your mind off things?" Sixteen handed him a blowtorch. "Stop standing here, moping. Let's get in there and have some fun."

Twelve scoffed. Weapons weren't really his thing, anyway. He liked to use his fists. "You go on, enjoy the night."

"Alright well...wish me luck, Twelve. I'm going in," Sixteen winked at him, and disappeared into the fray.

Twelve slouched down on one of the chairs, just watching the melee in front of him, feeling strangely morose and sorry for himself, as if he'd been taken over by the spirit of some soft emo fuck. Maybe it

was all the chaos and carnage happening around him. It really made him miss Eleven. This had always been *their* thing, one of the things they did together best. Killing.

He'd almost given up hope when he saw her.

She was dressed in her usual all-black: combat boots laced over well-worn black jeans that fit her like a second skin, and an over-sized leather jacket on top that she'd gotten off of a dead biker the year before.

She hadn't noticed him yet. He watched as she scanned their surroundings, a smirk on her face as she took in the destruction and mayhem.

Twelve stood up on shaky legs as her eyes finally found his across the room. He couldn't believe he was actually feeling...nervous? Like a little bitch on prom night or something. He swore it must've been the god-awful music the DJ had on. The villagers had decided to get cute and make their little celebration "*80s-themed*", whatever that meant. The DJ had long since stopped curating the songs and Twelve could see his pathetic figure huddling beneath the music equipment table. Still, his iTunes playlist or whatever continued to shuffle on, and it was currently blasting some melodramatic shit called "Time After Time" as Eleven walked towards him. Twelve moved to close the distance between them, both of them pausing occasionally to fling someone across the room or snap someone's neck.

He was almost in front of her when a bloodied up villager suddenly jumped in between them, waving an axe. Before Twelve could react though, the poor guy's head exploded and an invisible force swept his remains across the room.

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He grabbed Eleven by the waist and she wrapped her arms around his neck. They started to sway to the music, when a new song came on.

Every breath you take

Every move you make

“Oh, no, no, enough of this cheesy 80s shit,” Twelve pulled away and reached into his back pocket for something that he’d been saving for a special occasion. It was something called a *USB drive* that he’d found in some old scavenger’s home once. “Sorry, babe, hang on.”

Twelve jumped up behind the DJ table and pulled up the terrified dude by his collar.

“P-please don’t hurt me, I –”

“Here, plug this in, and play the first song,” he handed him the USB drive. “Now.”

“Okay, yes, okay, please....” Twelve rolled his eyes, but in between sputters he saw that the DJ at least was plugging the thing in.

Satisfied, Twelve made his way back to Eleven.

My reflection dirty mirror

There's no connection to myself

“There, that’s better,” he grinned, taking Eleven back into his arms.

I'm your lover, I'm your zero

I'm the face in your dreams of glass

Twelve leaned down and pressed his lips against hers. In the distance, someone was screaming for help.

So save your prayers

For when you're really gonna need 'em

He tasted blood in her mouth, but it wasn't hers. And it wasn't his.

She's the one for me

She's all I really need, oh yeah

He broke the kiss briefly, and saw his own bloody reflection in the pupils of her large brown eyes.

She's the one for me

She's my one and only

Eleven pressed closer to him, their foreheads touching. They stayed like that, swaying to the sounds of carnage and screams, for a long time. Everywhere around them, people were dying. It was a good night.

Author's Note:

The song at the end is "Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins.

I appreciate kudos and/or comments. Thanks for reading :)